The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XV. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1907. No. 8

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 8.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING 85
I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW 85
THE STILL HOUR 89
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 90
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL 91
CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS: CONTINUED . . . 93
BIOGRAPHY: FRANCES POWER COBBE. VI. . . . 95
LETTERS OF A SISTER: BOSTON IN THE THIRTIES 97
THE CARE OF DOGS 98
MRS. RUSSELL SAGE ON SMOKING 99
IMPORTANT NOTICES 100

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

I am fading from you;
  But one draweth near,
Called the angel guardian
  Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces
  Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's angel
  Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together,
  He and I are one;
Let him end and perfect
  All I leave undone.

I brought good desires,
  Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them
  Blossom into deeds.

I brought joy to brighten
  Many happy days;
Let the New Year's angel
  Turn it into praise.

If I gave you sickness,
  If I brought you care,
Let him make one patience
  And the other prayer.

Where I brought you sorrow,
  Through his care at length
It may rise triumphant
  Into future strength.

If I brought you plenty,
  All wealth's bounteous charms
Shall not the new angel
  Turn them into alms?

I gave health and leisure,
  Skill to dream and plan;
Let him make them nobler
  Work for God and man.

If I broke your idols,
  Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the knowledge
  Into heavenly trust.

If I brought temptation,
  Let sin die away
Into boundless pity
  For all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors
  Dark and long appears,
Let this new-born monarch
  Melt them into tears.

May you hold this angel
  Dearer than the last,
So I bless his future
  While he crowns my past.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW.

"*And I saw a new heaven and a new earth.*"
"*And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.*"—REV. xxi. 5.

The love of new things is natural to man, but the love of old things is equally natural. How to reconcile these two instincts without doing wrong to either is a perpetual problem, both for the individual and for society. In society it is usually solved, in a somewhat rude way, by the antagonism of reformers and conservatives,—reformers pulling one way, conservatives pulling another way, and society taking the diagonal between these two forces. When radicals

request us to give up the past, and conservatives ask us not to move a single step toward the future, the common sense of mankind takes a middle course, holding on to the good which they already have, but looking to see if there may not be something better to come.

But to reconcile these two tendencies in the individual is not so easy. Still, I think it may be done; and how it may be done I shall try to show.

The love of what is new takes three principal forms.

First there are those who are always *looking for something new.* This is the lowest form. It is a constant demand for novelty, for new things simply as new. Those who are possessed by this passion feed on the stimulus of perpetual variety. They tire of everything directly, and demand a change. They wish for something different from what they have. They cannot keep to any one thing long enough to understand it, to appreciate it, or to enjoy it. They can read nothing but newspapers, and what they read in the morning's paper they forget before they get the journal of the evening. In such a mind thought is disorganized and becomes as a heap of sand. Interest in life fades away, for the heart is anchored to nothing. The soul drifts before every wind of accident. The power of attention is lost: many things are taken in, nothing retained. The type of this character was the Athenian public in the first century, so degenerate from the genius of their ancestors that they could fix their minds permanently on nothing. They were always asking for something; and, when the newest thing in human history was sent to them, in the Apostle Paul and his gospel, they had no force of mind to take it in, but asked for something newer still. Originality of thought had ended in dissipation of thought. This is the danger of intellectual activity when not ballasted by moral activity. Perpetual inquiry needs to be directed toward an end: study should be study in a definite direction, and for a purpose, else you have the disease which consists in "ever learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth." The satire on this tendency is to be found in the habitual expression of the newspapers, which, when they have narrated any new thing very wonderful and extraordinary, add by way of comment, "What next?"

Secondly, there are those who are always contending for new things. These are the reformers and ardent advocates for all newness, who to the love of novelty add a practical tendency and a desire to see their new ideas carried out and established. They advocate new theories with enthusiasm, and grow zealous in defence of them. The danger here is in narrowness and bigotry; for a man may be as bigoted in regard to a new creed as to an old one, and as ready to persecute the conservatives as they are to persecute him. Nevertheless, by the help of this class the world moves forward.

Thirdly, there are those who make all things new. And this is the highest and best style of reform, for it reforms the world by putting new life in it. It does not aim at novelty, but at renewal, and so it is both conservative and radical, keeping all that is good in the past, but animating it with new life.

The type of this sort of newness, which makes the old things new by means of a new life, is shown to us every year in the regeneration of nature around us. Every spring God says, "Behold, I make all things new." The old types remain unchanged, the forms of the familiar landscape continue the same, the grass grows green in the valleys, the trees cover themselves with leaves, exactly as they have done ten thousand times. It is not a new form, but the inpouring of a new soul, which makes the perennial charm of springtime and of June days. It is not novelty, but renewal.

And so the best things which can come to our lives are not novelties, but new inspirations of the one eternal life. The old truths which have moved human hearts during twenty centuries move our hearts as deeply to-day. Our soul is stirred by the tale of Marathon as when the swift heralds, with flying feet, first bore the news to Athens. By the side of the dying Socrates we sympathize with grief, and unite in reverent homage with Plato and Xenophon. The great events, the great characters of history, are new with undying life. No moth and no rust can corrupt the song of Homer or the Psalms of David. Heroism, poetry, genius, make all things new. The glens and mountains of Scotland take on new wonder and beauty in the songs of Burns and Scott. The prosaic streets of Salem acquire a mysterious charm in the page

of Hawthorne. The patriotism and courage which gave themselves to save the nation will make the unromantic field of Gettysburg forever full of a solemn inspiration. Wherever the human soul manifests itself in its more vital aspects of truth, love, honor, generosity, fidelity, it makes all nature new around it. By this high ministry everything becomes holy ground.

Life, in all its forms, makes the world new. Events which have happened a million times before are, nevertheless, always new with each recurrence. What can be older than birth, childhood, love, marriage, death? But what more new than these, more full of fresh influences, bringing an influx of wonder, joy, mystery, awakening the soul to a new life? Children are common enough, but every child is a new wonder just dropped from the skies. He seems to have come fresh from God, overflowing with the life of the spheres. What knock is that at our portal? What step is that in our chamber? What solemn figure with veiled face stands by our bedside? It is the holy Angel of Death. He is always in the world. But still, wherever he comes, he brings an overwhelming sense of strangeness and surprise. Thus to the attentive, thoughtful mind all things are new. To this newness of spirit everything grows wonderful, and a mysterious meaning looks at us out of the commonest forms of nature and the commonest events of life. Such a spirit is the very opposite to that of the Athenians,—to the discontented curiosity seeking always to hear some new thing, and the complaining scepticism which murmurs because there is no new thing under the sun.

A new truth makes all things new. I have talked with men who were brought up on a dead creed, who were taught to go through certain forms of worship and call it religion. Then they were led by some good providence to see God in a new light,—with steadfast laws, always working for the ultimate good of all his creatures, wisely giving, wisely withholding, loving the good, loving also the bad, not willing that any should perish. This benign truth opened their soul, made all nature new, all life new, made a new heaven and a new earth, took away anxiety and fear, and filled their days with hope and joy.

So, too, a new love makes all things new. Not merely the love between man and woman, which is the favorite theme of novelists and poets, but new motherly love, the new love between friends, new-born affections toward nature, art, work, country, the human race,—these make of life a different thing. Do you remember the beautiful story of Silas Marner,—how a man with no friendships, no affections, living alone in a solitary hut, devoting himself to saving a hoard of gold, was robbed of his money? And then, when he came back to his hut in despair, he found a little neglected child who had crept into his house and gone to sleep on the hearth. And this little child stirred the hidden fountains of life in the miser's heart, so that through his devotion to the child the world became by degrees to him another world,—old fears expelled and new hopes created by the power of this new affection.

It is in this way that Christ makes all things new, and that, "if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Christ gives us a new heart and a new spirit, not by any marvellous or supernatural power, but by the power of the new truth which he shows to us, and the new love with which he inspires us.

After George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, had come into his own solid faith, he says: "I had now come up in spirit, past the flaming sword, into the Paradise of God. All things were new; and the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter. The creation was opened unto me, and the virtues of things revealed." This is a frequent experience. After a great revelation of truth and love to the soul, everything, even in the outward world, appears different. The sun shines more brightly, the air is more soft, the grass more green, the trees more graceful, the flowers more fragrant. A new faith makes all outward things new, also.

We, who have been born into the heritage of Christian ideas, cradled by Christian institutions, taught in the sciences, arts, and literature which have the inherited and consolidated conviction of the universal Father behind them and below them,—we, who look forward amid the storms and midnight blackness of the present with the assurance that all things are working together for good,—we can have no notion, cannot form a conception, of the change which must have come to one born and bred in a world empty of that Divine Presence.

John Stuart Mill, in his melancholy biography, tells us how his father, with a sincerely narrow atheism, shut out from his child's mind all definite religious knowledge. But in a Christian land, and in the nineteenth century after Christ, you cannot wholly exclude this influence. You may form an atheistic library, expurgated of all positive faith; but the divine trust, hope, love, which have become a part of your own life and that of your neighbor, you cannot exclude. Men talk of inherited depravity; but is there not also inherited goodness? Through long generations of ancestors living conscientious lives, fed by Christian truths, supported by Christian hopes, practising Christian obedience, the Son of God enters the very depths of your heart. You might as well try to shut out the blessed, all-healing atmosphere by carefully closing the doors and shutting down the windows as to exclude Christian faith by rejecting its positive creeds or abstaining from its public worship.

Not novelty, then, but renewal, is what we need. A new life of truth in our minds, a new life of love in our hearts,—these shall make the new heavens and the new earth. We need no better world than this, no better opportunities than we have here. But we need a new spirit of faith and love, in order that God's kingdom shall come, and his will be done in this world, making of it a heaven. This heaven must begin in our own hearts, or it will be no heaven to us. That is why it is said, "Unless a man be born again" (or, rather, "be born from on high"), "he cannot see the kingdom of God." Put him in an outward heaven, and he will not see it. Surround him with hosts of angels, and he does not see them. Fill his ears with the songs of seraphs, and he knows nothing of that divine melody. Until he allows the spirit of truth and love to enter his own soul and make an inward heaven, no outward heaven can do him any good.

This new heaven and new earth, full of righteousness, peace, and love, belongs to us all: that is the gospel, that is the good news. The grace of God which brings salvation has appeared to all men. Christ has died for all men, and the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal. You need not wait till some miracle has converted you or till some vast change has taken place in you. You have already the seeds of the new life in you by the Christian truths you have been taught and the Christian influence under which you have lived. What you have to do is to walk through the open door into the love of God and man. Believe you can do it, and you can do it.

I was told by a friend that, when he was at the Centennial Exhibition, a family who were walking about the grounds asked him how much it would cost them to go into all the buildings. "It will cost nothing," said he. "You paid at the gate, when you entered the grounds, the whole price." So I see persons who go to church year after year, and yet stand outside of Christianity, not enjoying the love of God or the protection and friendship of Jesus, not having any confidence of being forgiven their sins, not having any assurance of a blessed immortality, not opening their souls to the Spirit to receive its peace. They stand outside of all these divine comforts and hopes, because they think they have no right to them. To such I say: Go in at once, and take all you need. You will not, it is true, become great saints at once. It will be some time before you get rid of all your faults. But you can begin now to receive God's help, God's power, God's inspiration, and the hope of the gospel. Only one purpose and one desire,—the purpose of always choosing right, not wrong; and the desire to be helped by God always to do right, and not wrong. It is a great thing to feel one's self inside of Christianity, and not outside of it. Do you remember what Jesus said to his disciples,—"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you"? God has chosen us to be his children: we did not choose him to be our Father. What he has begun to do for us he will continue to do, and complete, if we will accept his blessings. Modern Christianity has often inverted the methods of original Christianity. The modern method is to call on men to repent and believe, and be converted and obey, in order to be saved. But Paul called on men to repent and believe, and be converted and obey, because they had been saved. The Corinthian and Roman Christians to whom he wrote were no better than we are,—probably worse; for they had the blood of many generations of heathen ancestors running in their veins, and we have the blood of many generations of Christian ancestors in ours. They did not know as much of

Christian truth as we do; for they had no Bible, no Sunday-school, and no religious books. But Paul said to them: "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." "Forgive one another, even as God in Christ has forgiven you." "Lie not one to another, since ye have put off the old man and his deeds." "Walk worthy of your calling." "Put off the old man." "Put on the new man." "Be renewed in the spirit of your mind." And all this, not in order to be forgiven, but "because God, in Christ, has forgiven you."

Thus God makes a new heaven and a new earth, wherever the truth and love of Jesus go. The new heaven first, the new earth afterward. First the inward convictions, then the outward life. First the seed, then the plant,—the fruit last of all. We are not to try to do our duty that God may love us; but, because God loves us, therefore, let us do our duty. We are not to try to be good in order to go to heaven, but to go into heaven now, by faith, submission, gratitude, patience, hope, love, and then we shall grow up into all things. In order to grow, plants need sunshine. In order to any mental, moral, spiritual growth, the human plant needs sunshine. People trying to make themselves fit to become God's children by painful and lonely effort, seem to me like the vines in a dark cellar, stretching up their long, weak, sickly branches toward the light which shines feebly through a few small openings. But only believe that you are God's children, and that he loves you and will help you to correct all your faults, and to grow up into a Christian life, and then you are like the same vines planted out in the summer sunshine and June air, and fed by the dews and the softly falling showers.

First the new heaven, then the new earth: this is the order by which life comes down. First a new earth, then the new heaven: this is the order by which human effort goes up. Let our work begin with what is around us, doing good to our next-door neighbor, and widening out the circles of Christian activity. For our inspiration let us go at once to the Most High as the Universal Father, and live in communion with him. So the new heaven will make a new earth, and earth vivified by this influence will be developed into the kingdom of heaven.

During the coming year Christ can make everything new in our souls if we will let him do so. He can bring God so near to us that he will seem better to us than the best friend, dearer and tenderer than the tenderest. We may come to feel habitually the influence of God in our souls, making all things new.

So, too, in our churches the same spirit can make all things new. So in society, in the State, in the world, the new heaven may this year make more and more of a new earth.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

I little see, I little know,
  Yet can I fear no ill;
He who hath guided me till now
  Will be my leader still.
No burden yet was on me laid,
  Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed
  And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
  Or wisdom of mine own;
That higher Power upholds me still,
  And still must bear me on.
I knew not of this wondrous earth,
  Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth,
  To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
  As little I divine,—
What love may wait to welcome me,
  What fellowships be mine.
I know not what beyond may lie,
  But look in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die,
  And find new birth in death.

Upon His providence I lean,
  As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
  A heart of grateful trust.
And so my onward way I fare,
  With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
  The music of my psalm.

—*F. L. Hosmer.*

A PRAYER.

O Thou who didst command the light to shine out of darkness, and hast shined in our hearts, to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, establish us in Christ.

Grant, O Lord, that we faint not; but, though our outward man perish, may our inward man be renewed day by day.

May we not walk in craftiness nor handle the word of God deceitfully. May we judge ourselves, and not be judged; may we keep under our body and bring it into subjection; may we watch, quit us like men, and be strong; and, having the spirit of faith, may we believe and therefore speak.

May our light afflictions which are but for a moment work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things seen and temporal, but at the things not seen, but eternal.

Reveal to us, O Lord, by thy spirit, what eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

Help us to show the fruits of the Spirit,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

As we have opportunity, help us to do good to all men, and especially to those who are of the household of faith; to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; to sow to the spirit, and of the spirit to reap life everlasting; and not to be weary in well-doing, believing that we shall in due season reap, if we faint not.—*Service Book of the Church of the Disciples, James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. "Ten-minute Talks," Elihu Burritt; "The Coming Race"; "Tiger Lilies," Lanier; "What Answer," Anna E. Dickinson; "Poems," Rose Terry; "The Rose of Dissentis," Zschokke; "Department Ditties," Kipling; "Cranford"; "Brushwood," T. Buchanan Read; "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake"; Spenser's "Britomart"; "Business Forms, Customs, and Accounts"; "Life and Times of Miss Sedgwick"; "My Mother's Manuscript," Lamartine; "Christmas Carols" "Martin Chuzzlewit"; "Teacher's Manual, Form, Study, and Drawing"; "Sketch Book," Irving; Gray's "Elegy"; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; "Dialogues and Scenes"; "Deserted Village and Other Poems," Goldsmith; "Lyrics of Homeland"; "Cameos from Landor's Poems"; "Home Ballads," Bayard Taylor; "The Hudson River" (Illustrated); "The Rose" (Illustrated), J. R. Lowell; Phillips Brooks's "Year Book."

For the following books address Miss Winifred Evans, 3405 Clifton Avenue, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio. Appleton's "Second Reader"; "Third Reader," by Cyr; Harrington's "Speller" (Part II.); "Graded Lessons in English," Alonzo Reed; "Handbook of the English Language," Latham; Nicholson's "Primary Arithmetic"; Grammar School "Algebra," Milna; "Practical Elements of Rhetoric," Genung; "Examination Manual in Geometry," Wentworth and Hill; Wesse's "German Grammar"; "Third and Fourth Readers in German."

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers to Sunday-school teachers, of any denomination, lessons on the Life of Jesus (small leaflets), including the following subjects: "Jesus in the Temple," "Jesus in the Synagogue," "Life at Capernaum," "The Maniac of Gadara," "The 'Little' Daughter of Jairus," "Sermon on the Mount in Luke," "The Young Man of Nain," etc.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Will some one kindly send me the following books and magazines? "The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasco; "The Speckled Bird," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson; "At the Mercy of Tiberius," by same author; and other good novels by popular authors? I will also be very glad to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Munsey's Magazine* for 1907. I was very kindly remembered by many good "Cheerful Letter" friends when I was a "shut-in" some years ago, and hope, now that I am convalescing from a long and tedious illness, which I fear will keep me shut in most of the winter, that the same liberality in the way of good reading matter will be shown me. (Miss) B. J. Robards, Box 240, Oxford, North Carolina.

2. *Dear Cheerful Letter,*—I haven't written for some time, but still receive the *Cheerful Letter* occasionally, and am always glad to get it. My health is still bad, and on that

account my father and I have had to break up housekeeping and are now living awhile with my two sisters, and will be thankful for any favors or reading. I should be glad to hear again from Miss Harriet Emerson and Mrs. M. E. Hills. The subscription to the *Woman's Farm Journal* is out, and I would be glad for it again, as I like it very much. My address is still (Miss) Elma Horton, Elkville, North Carolina.

3. May I ask through the columns of the *Cheerful Letter* for any copies of *Lippincott's Magazine* and *The Booklover*. I have received many favors for which I am very grateful, and hope to hear from Cheerful Letter friends often. (Mrs.) Minnie Gest, Morrow, Ohio.

4. I wish to thank all who have remembered me by sending books and magazines. I would be pleased to have current numbers of *Youth's Companion* for my little girl. She is twelve years old. Her name is Mida Hall. Would also like to have "An Incomplete Amorist." Wishing Cheerful Letter friends a Merry Christmas, (Mrs.) Ada Hall, Centralia, Indian Territory.

5. Mrs. M. E. Oades, 422 Third Street, Olympia, Washington, asks for a magazine called *The Pilgrim*.

6. I would like very much to become a member of the Cheerful Letter Society, and receive good books and magazines. I am an orphan fifteen years old, and I have no way of buying books and papers. I have no settled home at present. I am staying with my aunt and going to school this winter. She is a widow and has a family of her own and is not able to buy reading matter. Mary Stovall, Elamsville, Virginia.

7. As it has been a long time since I have received any reading matter from the *Cheerful Letter*, I would like to ask for *The Youth's Companion* or *The Housekeeper*, or I would be grateful for any good reading, as I am here for health among strangers and often lonely. I would also be glad to receive books suitable for girls. Thanking you for past kindnesses, Ida R. Worden, La Junta, 318 Cimarron Avenue, Colorada.

8. Mrs. Sarah Hopkins, Hemmingford Box, Butte County, Nebraska, asks for the following: "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," by Kingsley; "Looking Backward," by Bellamy; "The Pleasures of Life," by Lubbock; "History of the United States." I should be pleased to receive any one of the books here mentioned. Thank you for past favors.

9. Mrs. Sarah L. Leake, Spencer, Virginia, asks for *Ladies' Home Journal*.

10. Mrs. James A. Tyner, Salem, Nebraska, living in an old town, finds a good field for distributing literature and would be very glad to receive reading for that purpose. Mrs. Tyner writes, "The boys are literally reading our books to pieces."

11. Will any one having any of the following books to offer, communicate with Mrs. M. M. Free, Florence, Mass., and receive name of a teacher who will be most grateful for help of this kind? Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching"; Hoffman's "Science of the Mind"; Spencer's "Education"; Partridge's "Methods" Brooks's "Philosophy of Arithmetic"; Huxley's "Science and Culture"; Webster's "International Dictionary."

The address of Mr. John E. Edgar is changed from Neligh, Nebraska to Nebraska Masonic Home, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Mrs. A. M. Hansberry has moved from Douglas to Ione, Oregon.

The editor would be glad to receive the first number of *The Cheerful Letter*. June 1892. Address, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

Hubert was an orphan, about ten years old. He came about this time to live with his aunt Cornelia.

His aunt Cornelia was very kind to him, in her way, though I do not think her way was in all respects the best way. She meant at any rate to be kind to him, as the orphan son of her sister, in the most faithful manner.

Hubert's aunt Cornelia lived in a large and handsome house. Hubert had a very pleasant room in this house, all to himself. It was in the second story of a kind of wing, and the windows opened out over the roof of a piazza.

On the day when Hubert first came to live with his aunt, Robert, a colored man who was in her service, took his trunk up to his room, while he and his aunt followed, his aunt lead-

ing him by the hand. "Put the trunk down here by the window," said his aunt, "and I will send Maria presently to put the things away in the bureau drawers."

"I can put them away in the drawers myself," said Hubert.

"Oh, no, my dear," replied his aunt; "you could not put them away properly. Maria will put them away for you, and arrange them all nicely. She will take all the care of your things for you."

Hubert's aunt was very particular to have everything in her house done properly, as, in fact, every good housekeeper ought to be.

Mrs. Wood desired Maria to unpack the trunk and put the things in the drawers of the bureau. She gave particular directions where everything was to be put,—the shirts in this drawer, the stockings in that one, and at that end of it; the pocket handkerchiefs here, the jackets and trousers there; and so with everything else.

"And where shall I put my playthings?" asked Hubert.

"The playthings!" repeated Mrs. Wood. "I hope you have not brought a great many playthings. You know, my dear, that you will wish to keep your room in very nice order, and not have it all littered up with playthings. But perhaps Robert can find some place for them," she added, "in the coach-house; could you not, Robert? in one of the closets there, perhaps."

Robert said that he could. There was a whole shelf there that he could set apart for them.

"That will be just the thing," said Mrs. Wood. "So it is all arranged."

Mrs. Wood then went to one of the windows and looked out.

"Ah!" said she, "I forgot about these windows. They lead out upon the roof of this piazza, which is very dangerous. These windows must be fastened down."

"What, so that I can't open them at all?" asked Hubert, with a look of great concern.

"Why, my dear," said his aunt, "you will have air enough through the door, or at least— Well, I know it would be a convenience to have a window open sometimes, but it is much better to forego that advantage than to run the risk of breaking your neck. If you were to be tempted to climb out upon that roof, you might fall and kill yourself, or at least break your arm or your leg."

"But, aunt," said Hubert, "I promise you I will never get out."

"Ah! my dear boy," said Mrs. Wood, patting him on the head at the same time, and with a pleasant smile upon her face, "it does not do to trust to boys' promises too much, you know. You are a very good boy, I dare say, and as worthy to be trusted as most boys; but boys are boys, you know, and you might be tempted. If you were to fall off the roof and get killed or crippled for life, I never should forgive myself."

So saying, Mrs. Wood looked out upon the roof and shuddered.

"I don't see any other way of making it safe," she said, turning to Robert, "but to fasten down the windows."

"You might have bars put up, perhaps," suggested Robert.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wood. "Yes, that's just the thing. I wonder I did not think of that myself. Get the carpenter to come this very day, and put up strong bars, near enough together, so that a boy cannot get through between them, and coming up as high as the windows will open."

"That will suit you exactly, Hubert dear," she said, taking hold of his hand. "You can open the windows whenever you please, and the bars won't prevent your looking out when the window is shut. You will like that plan very much, won't you?"

Hubert did not seem much inclined to answer. Somehow or other he did not like the plan, though he could hardly tell what the reason was.

The bars only prevented him from getting out upon the roof, and he thought he did not wish to get out. And yet he felt uncomfortable and dissatisfied, though if he had been asked he could not have told why.

Mrs. Wood opened the drawer of the table and showed Hubert what was in it.

"See!" said she, "I have put in everything you will want. There is a slate and a book of arithmetic, and some paper and a lead pencil."

"And an inkstand and a pen?" asked Hubert.

"No," replied his aunt, speaking in a hesitating tone. "No, I did not put any ink here, for fear you might spill it. But you can write with a pencil just as well, you know, when you want to write. And here's a little shelf where you can put your Bible. You have got your Bible, I suppose, in your trunk."

"Yes, aunt," said Hubert.

"You must read a chapter in it every

night before going to bed. Be sure and not forget it. I hope you will be a good boy and give your heart to God. That is more important than everything else in the world. And now I'll leave you until you get your things arranged. You can stay and help Maria about the unpacking. You must let Maria arrange things just as she thinks best. She knows just how I wish the business to be done. I hope you will be a good boy here, and, if you are, I am sure you will be happy. I am very indulgent to good little boys, and I shall do all I can to make you happy in my house. You must remember that it will be a good deal of care for me, and make me a good deal of extra trouble to have you in my family; but you must try to be a good boy, and make the care and trouble as little as possible."

So saying, his aunt kissed him affectionately on his forehead and went away.

There were several things in his aunt's reception of Hubert, and in her management in respect to the room, which troubled him a good deal; but perhaps the thing which vexed him most was her classing him among little boys.

"Good little boy!" he said, repeating his aunt's words in a tone of contempt. "I'm no more a *good little* than she is herself. I'm ten years old last July, and going on eleven!"

Mrs. Wood did not mean to be impolite to Hubert in speaking of him as a little boy, but it is nearly as impolite to apply the term "little" to a boy over eight years of age, as it is to give the epithet *old* to a lady over thirty-five. Mrs. Wood was herself about thirty-eight, and what would she have thought if a young gentleman had come and taken his seat by her side, at an evening party, and had said, "I'm coming to sit here, for I like to talk to nice old ladies like you," or even if he had said *elderly* ladies?

That afternoon the carpenter came, with six stout bars of hard wood under one arm and the box containing the necessary tools for putting them up under the other. He placed the bars three at each window, leaving spaces about eight inches wide between them and between the uppermost and the sash above and between the lowermost and the window-sill. Before he marked off the distances he took a look at Hubert, to see how near they must be together to prevent the possibility of his squeezing through, thus specially reminding Hubert that the bars were put there with particular reference to him.

The carpenter got out at one of the windows and stood upon the roof of the piazza while he was screwing on the bars. Hubert watched the proceedings.

"You had better not put in too big screws," said Hubert, "for that will make the holes too large in the window frame when you come to take the bars down again."

"That's true," said the carpenter. "Slender screws will do very well. There'll be no great strain come upon the bars, and I don't suppose Mrs. Wood will keep them up very long."

The bars, when they were screwed on, had the effect, of course, of barring the carpenter out, as well as barring Hubert in. This, however, made no difficulty; for the carpenter, as soon as the work was done, walked along the roof of the piazza to another window which opened from an entry and climbed in there, thus showing Hubert how he could get out upon the piazza if he chose, notwithstanding the closing up of his windows. Mrs. Wood did not consider it necessary to bar up that window, too, for she did not suppose that Hubert would think of getting out that way.—"*Hubert,*" *by Jacob Abbott.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

CATS AND THEIR AFFECTIONS.

(*Continued.*)

Her first kittens (Czarina's) were a fine little set,—three snowy, shaggy mites, with marks of race, but less fine bred than she, and larger when full grown. One of them only has been kept at home, Lalla Rookh, the least feline of cats in disposition. As she passed out of kittenhood, she has developed a character and bearing like those of a big dog, with a long, leonine stride, a mane like a lion's in lieu of a ruff, and a sagacious face like a mastiff's. From a very early age she has had a trick of frowning if annoyed, which by maturity has deepened into three vertical lines between the eyes; but no animal could be gentler or better-tempered. Her intelligence is wholly different from that of M'liss: it is not inventive or ingenious, but reflective and inductive. She seldom requires to be told anything twice: she looks and listens while spoken to, and often understands. She has given an almost incredible proof of this which I

should have set down as an accident had it not been repeated several times. One of her mother's later kittens being lost, after hours of vain search I said: "Lalla, find the kitten! If you were a dog, you would find the kitten." She looked at me and went away. Soon afterward I saw her lying in her customary pose, her forelegs stretched out before her, lionwise, in front of a large linen chest on an upper landing, where I had not seen her lie before; and, like most cats, she has regular haunts and habits, from which she very seldom departs. As I passed, she fixed her eyes on me with a steady, significant gaze, which attracted my attention. I was going to and fro in that story for nearly an hour, and, whenever I went by, she was still lying before the chest, still looking unutterable things. At last a wonder arose in me whether the lost kitten could possibly be in the house linen chest. With considerable incredulity I unlocked and unbolted it, Lalla rising, arching her back, and purring louder and louder as if it were the game of magic music. There, asleep among the napkins and bundles of lavender, lay her small sister. Of course she was greatly praised, and was highly pleased with herself. My account was greeted with derision by the family, but she was put to further proof.

One winter's night the wooden shutters being shut and the heavy curtain down, Czarina was missing, and, as a mere joke, I said, "Find Zara, find your mother, Lalla." Lalla got up from the rug and looked at me, then walked slowly to one of the windows, jumped on a chair, and began clawing the plush curtain. I called her down and scolded her, but she paid no heed, and clawed the curtain anew. It occurred to me that Czarina might be behind it, but she was not, so I sat down again. A third time Lalla clawed the curtain vigorously, turning to look at me. Could it be possible that Zara was outside? Three of us ran out on the veranda, and on the sill of the window at which Lalla had stationed herself lay her mother rolled together and shivering. When we returned with her, Lalla jumped down and went back to the hearth rug, but not all the petting and praise which we rained on her could atone for our having misunderstood her intentions. She lay looking at the fire, frowning heavily, unmistakably grieved at the scolding about the curtain. Her sense of injustice is very keen: she always resents sullenly being blamed for what is not her fault, but not when she has deserved the scolding.

After that she found her mother for us more than once, both in and out of the house and on the balcony, shut out by a glass door and a wooden one. She did not run back and forth as a dog would have done, but went about her quest deliberately, coming back to call us by her steady gaze, or planting herself before the closed door.

Lalla has a great deal of self-esteem: she also likes approbation, and besides she has a conscience, which is open to appeals when other means of influencing her fail. Grave as she is, she has her full share of feminine perversity, which comes out when she is called to go to bed. If she is indoors, she tries to slip out: if she is on the veranda, she is off into the grounds at once, and she will amuse herself for half an hour or more playing at catch-who-catch-can, coming up to the steps, even to the door, to decoy us, and then back into the night at a spring. Sometimes she has enough of it soon, and lies down to allow herself to be captured; but, when possessed by the imp of the perverse, the only way of getting hold of her is to give up the chase, and address a serious remonstrance to her. Nine times out of ten this succeeds, a white form emerges slowly from the darkness and enters the house. This propensity of cats to romp and run off at bedtime is universal. It is a distinct thing from running away for the night: they then take themselves off definitely at once. The other has to do with an innate contrariety belonging to the race, mixed with a sort of ill-conditioned love of fun. A cat who is being sought and called at any hour will often remain hidden close at hand, in the folds of a curtain or in a clump of ferns, where at last you espy her comfortably watching you with malicious, half-closed eyes, and she will then let herself be caught without resistance. This tendency is one of Lalla's few faults. She is subject to moods, however, and, most inconsistently with her general character, she is a tease. She used to drive M'liss frantic by the same practices with which the latter tormented the rest. Though they were on friendly terms, it was enough for Lalla to sit down over against M'liss and stare at her, to raise a sputtering storm of rage.

Lalla's personality is marked by gravity and balance. She is strongly attached to her

master and mistress; but her affection for her mother was stronger, and the only *intense* love she ever showed was for a younger brother, a kitten when she was full grown. She has never had kittens herself. She had been friendly and frisky with several younger sets, but she is naturally sedate and did not adopt a junior previous to Pigwiggin. He was her mother's finest kitten, superb from the day his eyes opened, a miniature lion in swansdown, except for his winsome phiz and his marvellous tail, which had a double curl, so that he carried it over his back like a squirrel. Pigwiggin had no remarkable qualities except beauty and sweet temper; but there was something individual about him which made him the idol of every living creature he knew, from the master of the house to the big dog at the stable. He was genial, engaging, responsive, and indescribably droll. He was the only cat I have seen manifest embarrassment; and, if his beauties were audibly admired, especially by strangers, he would turn away and hide his head. Many of his kind are sensitive to ridicule (as nearly all dogs and some horses are), and sulk if laughed at; but this was entirely different and without any sign of temper.

Lalla, who had seldom noticed kittens much beyond watching them at play, doted on Pigwiggin. She, though not addicted to gambols, was never tired of playing with him, and their great playground was one of the wall divans, on which they had a game of hide-and-seek every evening. They were so handsome that it was a charming sight, the more so that they broke off now and then to hug and kiss. He was exceedingly fond of her, and of her only, treating the rest of animated nature with impartial affection and amiability. By this time Czarina's reputation had spread, and there were so many applications for her kittens that I turned it to account for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and sold a number of them at prices from $10 upward. When Pigwiggin was six months old and a princely beauty, he was sent to a bazaar for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, where he was bought for $25 by an excellent lady and benefactress of the society. He went to a life of luxury with his new mistress and her sister, whose adulation rather turned his head; there was an affability bordering on condescension in his deportment when I last saw him. He has acquired a notoriety which cannot be disagreeable to him if he knows of it, under the new name of Little Lord Fauntleroy; his mistress generously had his photograph taken and the copies sold for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and they afterward were reproduced in woodcut, and published in the illustrated paper called *Our Dumb Animals* and in a pamphlet entitled the "Miner's Dog." His departure was a subject of sorrow for the entire household, the servants looking out of window to see him go; but with Lalla it was a lasting grief. She, too, had seen him taken away, and did not mew or search as she was wont to do when he mislaid himself; but she lost her spirits altogether, and every evening for weeks went to the divan, pulled down the cushions, and then sat looking at us with mute reproach, refusing our attempts at consolation. When she ceased to do this daily, she still kept it up at short intervals, and it was fully two years before she gave up the memorial custom. Czarina took his loss with indifference: he had not been one of her favorite kittens.—*Mrs. S. B. Wister, in Temple Bar.*

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

VI.

As to writing as well as reading, I had very early a great love of the art, and frequently wrote small essays and stories, working my way toward something of good style. Our English master at school, on seeing my first exercise (on Roman history, I think it was), had asked Miss Runciman whether she were sure I had written it unaided, and observed that the turn of the sentences was not girl-like, and that he "thought I should grow up to be a fine writer." My schoolmistress laughed, of course, at the suggestion, and I fancy she thought less of poor Mr. Turnbull for his absurd judgment. But as men and women who are to be good musicians love their pianos and violins as children, so I early began to love that noble instrument, the English language, and in my small way to study how to play upon it. At one time, when quite young, I wrote several imitations of the style of Gibbon and other authors, just as an exercise. Eventually, without of course copying anybody in particular, I fell into what I must suppose to be a style of my own, since those familiar with it easily

detect passages of my writing wherever they come across them. I was at a later time much interested in seeing many of my articles translated into French (chiefly in the French Protestant periodicals), and to note how little it is possible to render the real feeling of such words as those with which *our* tongue supplies us by those of that language. At a still later date, when I edited the "Zoophile," I was perpetually disappointed by the failures of the best translators I could engage to render my meaning. Among other things for which to be thankful in life I think we English ought to assign no small place to our inheritance of that grand legacy of our forefathers, the English language.

While these studies were going on, from the time I left school in 1838 till I left Newbridge in 1857, it may be noted that I had the not inconsiderable charge of keeping house for my father. My mother at once put the whole responsibility of the matter in my hands, refusing even to be told beforehand what I had ordered for the rather formal dinner parties of those days, and I accepted the task with pleasure, both because I could thus relieve her, and also because then and ever since I have really liked housekeeping. I love a well-ordered house and table, rooms pleasantly arranged and lighted and decorated with flowers, hospitable attentions to guests, and all the other pleasant cares of the mistress of a family. In the midst of my studies I always went every morning regularly to my housekeeper's room and wrote out a careful *menu* for the upstairs and downstairs meals. I visited the larder and the fine old kitchen frequently, and paid the servants' wages on every quarter-day, and once a year went over my lists of everything in charge of either the men or women servants. In particular I took very special care of the china, which happened to be magnificent; and hereby hangs the memory of a droll incident with which I may close this chapter.

A certain dignified old lady, the Hon. Mrs. L., had paid a visit to Newbridge with her daughters, and in return she invited one of my brothers and myself to spend some days at her "show" place in County Wicklow. While there I talked with the enthusiasm of my age to her very charming young daughters of the pleasures of study, urging them strenuously to learn Greek and mathematics. Mrs. L., overhearing me, intervened in the conversation, and said somewhat tartly: "I do not agree with you, Miss Cobbe! I think the duty of a lady is to attend to her house, and to her husband and children. I beg you will not incite my girls to take up your studies."

Of course I bowed to the decree, and soon after began admiring some of the china about the room. "There is," said Mrs. L., "some very fine old china belonging to this house. There is one dessert service which is said to have cost £800 forty or fifty years ago. Would you like to see it?"

Having gratefully accepted the invitation, I followed my hostess to the basement of the house, and there, for the first time in my life, I recognized that condition of disorder and slatternliness which I had heard described as characteristic of Irish houses. At last we reached an underground closet, and, after some delay and reluctance on the part of the servant, a key was found and the door opened. There, on the shelves and the floor, lay piled, higgledy-piggledy, dishes and plates of exquisite china mixed up with the commonest earthenware jugs, basins, cups, and willow-pattern kitchen dishes; and the great dessert-service among the rest—*with the dessert of the previous summer rotting on the plates!* Yes! there was no mistake. Some of the superb plates handed to me by the servant for examination by the light of the window had on them peach and plum-stones and grape-stalks, obviously left as they had been taken from the table in the dining-room many months before! Poor Mrs. L. muttered some expressions of dismay and reproach to her servants, which of course I did not seem to hear; but I had not the strength of mind to resist saying: "Indeed this is a splendid service. *Style de l'Empire* I should call it. We have nothing like it; but, when next you do us the pleasure to come to Newbridge, I shall like to show you our Indian and Worcester services. Do you know, I always take up all the plates and dishes myself when they have been washed the day after a party, and put them on their proper shelves with my own hands,—*though I do know a little Greek and geometry*, Mrs. L.!"—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

[We printed in the *Cheerful Letter*, a few years ago, some extracts from Miss Cobbe's Autobiography, describing some of her experiences at school, and the period following school life. It seems best not to print these articles a second time; but, as it leaves a gap in the story to omit them, we will send

them—either numbers containing them, or cuttings from the numbers—to those who wish to read them and have not the file for reference. Address, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.]

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, Oct. 7, 1838.

My dear James,—We were exceedingly glad to get your two last letters (to mother and myself),—the last one came last night,—for they showed us that you were really convalescent. Sam will send you this with Mr. ——'s answer to you, which, it strikes me, leaves the question just where it took it up.

Sam has sent a copy to ——, hoping that, if anything more is to be said, he will choose to speak. But I see no harm in letting Mr. —— have the gratification of the last word, for it is very certain he can have nothing else. I think the tone he assumes toward you more decidedly *papal* than ever Upon the whole, it seems that you are quite too far off to keep up the ball of contention; the game would last as long as some games of chess that I have heard of, and, what is worse, your reverend opponent would be kept in a state of exasperation all the rest of his life, which is hardly worth while.

To-night (the 9th) Simmons is ordained in Boston as Western missionary, and Bellow preaches the sermon. Mother has gone to hear it; but I, having a bad cold, remain at home.

10*th.*—It seems that —— has come to Boston for the purpose of answering Mr. ——; not in person, though. He read to Sam and to mother the piece he has prepared, which they liked much. I think he means to consult Mr. Walker and Mr. Ware before publishing it.

Dr. Follen's charge was considered the best part of the exercises last night, better even than Bellows's sermon. The doctor is going back to Europe; recalled, it is said, by his own government which seems incredible, if he is, as I suppose, a Prussian.

UNDATED, BUT ABOUT THIS TIME.

My dear James,—I should be very glad to write for the *Messenger*, and I rack my brains every day in the vain hope of producing something that will do for the purpose; but all my thoughts appear to be either impertinent or irrelevant, and the only article that I am likely to write is a eulogy on the *Messenger* which would appear with a better grace in any other periodical than yours. To say the truth, I have begun such an article and written one sheet of it, and, if I can finish it, I mean to offer it to the *Examiner*, though it is hardly possible that the twelve critics who are appointed to supervise Mr. Walker should approve of it. But I shall feel easy in conscience then, and that is worth something.

In regard to my writing better than Miss Peabody,* it is no great encouragement to me; for, if I had the style of Addison, or any other master in the art, I have nothing to say, and the most elegant and tasteful dress is useless if there is no one to wear it. She, on the contrary, has much to say and is daily trying to find a better way of saying it. To assist her in the work of studying out a better style, Mr. Emerson asked her to pass a week with him at Concord, and he devoted it to helping her out of her difficulties by an unsparing but kind criticism, and I think this friendly help will do much for her.

I send you an article written by her mother, and, if you like it, publish it, if not, let it alone; of such things I am no judge. I send you a little book by the same person, and she has written a very agreeable history of the Pilgrims, which induced me to ask her to write for the *Messenger*. I send you the letter which came with the article.

Mr. Osgood sends for my packet, so good-bye. Yours,

SARAH.

UNDATED.

My dear James.—Mr. Farwell wishes to know you, and is so kind as to take the *Carlyle* for you. This is the first speedy opportunity we have had to send it. The others are to go from Henshaw's except two which will be forwarded by Carey Hart for Miss Keats and Goodwin. This which Mr. Farwell brings you is one of your own: the other I will keep till another person goes.

I send you my notes on Mr. Emerson's lectures. They give you no idea of them as separate performances, yet, as all his thoughts are valuable, you will like to get these I suppose. The one on Art I recollected but little of. That on Sincerity was most wholesome; that on Prudence was useful; that

* Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

on Heroism was inspiring; it was bracing, like mountan air—it made me feel as if on the hilltops. That on Holiness made one see the delectable mountains afar off, with the revered Waldo walking thereon. It occasioned much shaking of the head and anxious questioning among the doctors of divinity and other Bigwigs, and was pronounced by some of them to be of very questionable character. The ——s said he was a pantheist; others, catching a vague alarm, whispered their doubts that he was an *atheist;* while others, such as William Channing and Rev. Mr. Parker, asserted that it was devout as the Gospel of St. John. I have made acquaintance with Mr. Parker, and like him very much.

You will be so kind as not to take these Emersoniæ to fill up vacant patches in the *Messenger*. They are for your own private reading only; and, if you find them indigestible, send them back to me.

Mother desires to know what you think of her plan of going to Chicago and at what time in the season you would like to go there and preach. She was gratified and pleased much by your letter. Grandmamma desires you to answer her last question about the Baltimore sermons.

Yours,

SARAH.

UNDATED.

My dear James,—I send you the notes on two of the lectures and will send some others. Two of the best—that on Love and that on Duty—I did not attempt to write anything of. Last night William went with me to Waltham to hear him lecture, and liked it right well. He gave us *the Protest,* as he calls it, in which he describes the state of mind of hundreds of girls and boys who are dissatisfied with the existing state of things in the planet.

Mr. Emerson said that he mentioned somewhere that he understood that you were going to give up the *Messenger*, and it was received with much resistance: they said that you were eminently fitted for the task, and doing it so well, and had all the right qualities, and —— had none of them, etc. Also they say you are mentioned in connection with Charlestown, and so forth. We were delighted with your notice of Uncle Homer, and he is much gratified, too. He needs some comfort, for he has been dismissed from his pastoral charge along with Mr. Bates. The old gentleman takes it kindly and thinks them affectionately disposed to relieve him from his arduous duties, and give him time for his studies.

I send you some attempts of Tom and myself to emulate you and Mr. Cranch.

Ever yours,

SARAH

Mr Brewster, who brings these you will understand is engaged to Mary Ann Sullivan and lives at Kaskaskia

THE CARE OF DOGS.

Make your dog your companion and friend. Treat him kindly, and he will respond in kind. Remember that his health and comfort are absolutely dependent on your care.

Give him a dry place to sleep in,—warm in winter and cool in summer. See that his sleeping place is kept clean. A clean dog is generally free from mange or vermin. If you have a house for him, see that the floor is tight and raised six inches from the ground, or he will be sure to have rheumatism. A dog house should be protected from cold winds, should face the south, and in winter should have a flap of carpet or canvas over the door to keep out snow and rain. None but dogs of strong, vigorous breed, used to outdoor life, should be kept in such quarters.

Feed twice daily, a light meal in the morning, a heavier meal at night. Table scraps, with plenty of vegetables and not too much meat, and little or no fat, make good fare for the ordinary house dog. Don't give small bones, particularly fish or chicken bones. Don't give milk to grown dogs. Don't give sweets of any kind.

Small dogs of the more delicate breeds should be fed on crackers and stale or toasted bread, moistened with broth and mixed with a little lean meat well cooked.

Boiled liver, once or twice a week, is good for most dogs, on account of its effect as a mild laxative. Puppies should be fed at least six times a day on milk which has been scalded, but not boiled: to it can gradually be added broken crackers and other solid food. Sour milk should be given frequently as it is a preventive of worms.

Give your dog plenty of clean, fresh water, where he can get at it at any time, day and night. This will help more than almost anything else to keep him well, happy, and good tempered

Do not wash your dog too often. Careful daily brushing will keep him clean for a long time, and rubbing down with chamois mittens will give the coat the gloss so highly prized by fanciers.

Wash when necessary at least two hours after feeding, using lukewarm water, with some good soap. Rinse thoroughly in lukewarm water, and dry thoroughly with coarse towels. Large, rough-haired dogs, like St. Bernards and collies, can best be cleaned by sponging off the outer coat, and then giving a good brushing. Delicate, long-haired breeds, such as Yorkshires and poodles, should be dried before the fire, comb and brush carefully, being careful not to snarl or break the hair. Never use a fine-tooth comb.

For fleas on long-haired dogs, stand the animal on a square of strong white cloth, wet the dog's head and neck thoroughly with lukewarm water, then dust insect powder into the hair all over the rest of the body, and gather the cloth all up around him closely, leaving the head free. In five or ten minutes drop the cloth and brush out the powder. Any fleas that remain will be stupefied and can be easily caught. Short-haired dogs troubled with fleas should be washed with one of the soaps made especially for this purpose, and then carefully combed and brushed.

All dogs, large or small, should have plenty of exercise. To a dog, exercise is life.

Do not chain your dog or keep him confined for any length of time. If you do, the chances are that, when you release him, he will run away. If you wish to keep him in restraint for a few days, until he is wonted to his home, stretch a stout wire between two points, forty or fifty feet apart, and loop a chain on the wire, so that the dog can move freely back and forth.

Fits are convulsions of an epileptic nature, and may be caused by excitement, worms, teething, exhaustion, overheating, brain troubles, suckling puppies, or indigestion.

DO NOT MAKE THE MISTAKE OF SUPPOSING THAT BECAUSE A DOG HAS A FIT HE HAS GONE MAD.

When a dog has a fit, put him in a dark quiet place, in a cellar or large closet. Pour cold water, or put ice on his head, and keep the body warm. An old and standard remedy is to put a teaspoonful of salt well back on the tongue. In this as in all other canine diseases, it is wise to consult a good veterinarian as promptly as possible.—*Our Four-footed Friends.*

MRS. RUSSELL SAGE ON SMOKING.

Mrs. Russell Sage's action in withdrawing from the New York Society of Mayflower Descendants, because the men insisted on smoking at the annual dinners, provided a great deal of comment at the time, and not a little controversy. The subject of smoking in the presence of women is one of increasing interest, and Mrs. Sage's views are interesting. She is a pure American, a direct descendant of Miles Standish, a very busy woman, taking an active interest in educational and other affairs.

"I have never been an agitator on the smoking question," she tells the present writer. "I have never been aggressive about it. Smoke hurts my throat, so I avoid places where it is indulged in. The occasions on which I came into conflict with smoking were all dinners to which ladies had been invited. The committee had, in each case, expressly promised that there should be no smoking, yet some of the men defied the rules and persisted in lighting cigars.

"Women have only themselves to blame for the prevalence of smoking in public places. They are willing to drive and walk with men while they smoke. They even permit men to smoke while dining with them at public restaurants, and at length men feel dreadfully abused if they are required to desist from smoking for an hour or so. A man can drink without interfering with the comfort of others, but the smoker makes his presence felt all over the room."

"Do you think men were once more considerate and courteous?"

"I know they were. Such a state of affairs was unknown among people with any claim whatever to refinement. The American woman must come to the rescue, and she will, she will. The American woman is the purest, highest, finest product of civilization thus far, but I do think she is making a serious mistake in encouraging the ubiquitous smoker."

"What led her into that error?"

"I think she grasped the fact that men and women spent their lives too far apart, and that they should be comrades. In that she is right; but she has not realized that they must be comrades on the highest level attainable, and that she can bring man up only by maintaining a very high standard herself. So long as she tolerates and condones rudeness and inconsideration, men will be rude and inconsiderate. As soon as she insists

upon courtesy, they will be courteous."

"Do you think home training, or, rather, the lack of it, is responsible for modern impoliteness?"

"I do, indeed. Many persons leave their children almost entirely to servants, and, consequently the little ones imbibe their manners and culture from the domestics. Many of our young men and women who have attended school and college, who have attained an enviable amount of brain culture, are almost destitute of courtesy. 'Fix well thy centre, then draw thy circle round,' has been a pet motto of mine for many years. Unless we have a definite centre, the circle is sure to be faulty. The American woman must fix her centre with exceeding care, that her circle may include all noble tendencies, and exclude all base ones, in the citizens of America."—*Good Housekeeping, September*, 1903.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable. Do not offer odd numbers of periodicals.

The leaflet on "The Care of Dogs" can be obtained at the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Price, per hundred, 40 cents; per dozen, 10 cents; single copies, 2 cents. Postage paid.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The January meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, January 4 at 10.30 A.M. The subject of this meeting will be Cheerful Letter work in Virginia.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 37 Ridgemont Street, Allston, Mass.

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands are reminded that *current* periodicals and good, bright, standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.